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Gathered Treasures

BY

WALTER E. TODD

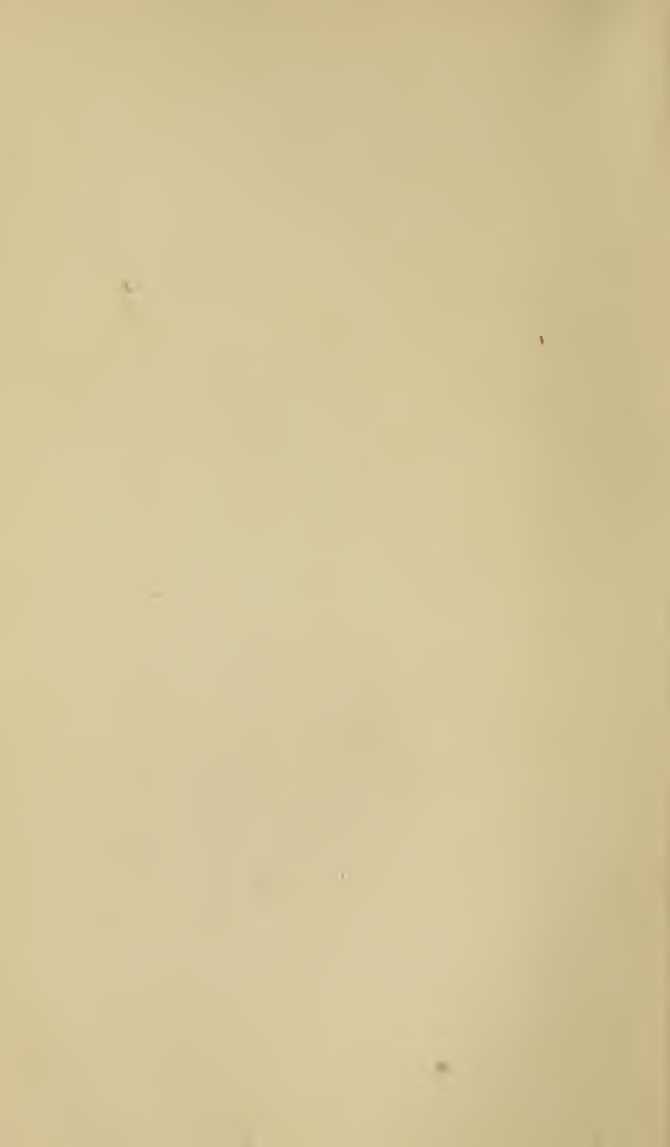


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Walter E. Todd

Gathered Treasures



BY
WALTER E. TODD

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FIRST EDITION

1912

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INTRODUCTORY.



LOOKING over the poems of Mr. W. E. Todd, with a view to considering their merit and their marketable value, I wish to state that they are historic, humorous sympathetic and abounding in wit.

His poetry portraying nature is real, making every-day things appear as animated. There is much interest and entertainment to be derived from Mr. Todd's poems.

The rythm in each line is quite regular and arranged according to metre system in poetry.

I take great pleasure in reccommending this book to all lovers of poetry and literature.

I. N. ROSS, D. D.

(Pastor of Metropolitan A. M. E. Church)

Sept. 28, 1912

DEDICATED
WITH SWEET REMEMBRANCE
TO
MY MOTHER

GATHERED TREASURES

Progress of the Negro.

The Negro is making the best progress,
Than of any other race,
When you consider the time he's had,
And the trials he has to face,
A few years back he was a slave
Held in captivity,
But now he's forging to the front
With much rapidity.

Who would've thought a few years ago
That he would represent
His race as an ambassador
Across the continent.
But it has materialized
And other things also,
But he will surely hold his own
By giving him a show.

It didn't even seem probable
That his name he would write
On the United States money
But that has come to light,
And also other numerous things,
Which cannot be denied,
For he'll stay in the public eye,
Whatever might betide.

When he was freed from slavery,
With such a poor outlook,
No one ever thought that he'd become
An author of a book.
But there's one in particular,
Who is known both near and far,
I now refer to our deceased,
In the person of Dunbar.

Whatever is done for improvement
In this broad united land,
It is incomplete until the Negro
Has played an important hand.
He doesn't give up in despair,
Because the way looks dark,
But just keeps on pegging away,
Until he has reached the mark.

There's lots of other accomplishments
Achieved by our race,
And I would like to name them all,
But haven't got the space.
It may not be in my time,
Tho some future generation
May bring forth some one of this race,
Who'll rule this great nation.

The Old Man's Visit.

Yes, I've been to the old place
That I left years ago,
But everything looks strange to me,
For the place I did not know.

'There were no old acquaintances,
Whom I knew in days of yore,
But they had left the dear old spot
To rest forever more.

The little church I loved so well,
Where they held song and prayer,
I went to visit the old place,
But did not find it there.

Another one was there instead,
And the music thrilled my soul,
Which sounded like the angels
Playing on their harps of gold.

They knew I was a stranger there,
For when I went inside,
They arose, which almost made me think,
The gate had opened wide.

So, when the preacher took his text,
I'll tell you it was grand
To hear him talk about us being,
Bound for the promised land.

It surely did make me feel grand
To hear them people pray
And sing the songs I used to know
Before these locks were gray.

I tried to help them sing the songs,
As a tear stole down my cheek,
But had to give it up, you know,
Because my lungs are weak.

I feel my time is drawing near
For me to board the train
To enter in that land above,
And be free from pain.

So, Gabriel, blow your trumpet, please,
Because I want to go
Up there in that place of rest,
And leave this earth below.

Mother.

My heart sinketh
As I thinketh,
Of a loved one so dear,
There's no other
Like a mother,
But that voice I cannot hear.

She is sleeping
In God's keeping,
For her task on earth is done.
So desiring,
Never tiring,
And the victory she has won.

Sweetly singing,
Joy bells ringing,
How my soul the music thrilled
As it blended.
But its ended,
For that loving voice is stilled.

Softly humming,
Lord, I am coming
To the home of the blessed,
My eyes glistened
As I listened
With the deepest interest.

Vows I made her,
As I bade her
Good-bye, his grace I'll accept,
That I'd meet her,
And to greet her,
So that promise must be kept.

Heavy laden,
Hopes not fading,
By the wayside I'll not fall,
Day of sorrow,
Joy to-morrow,
If I hearken to His call.

Memories brighten
Hopes enlighten,
What a joyful time awaits,
Me in Heaven,
Sins forgiven,
I'll go sweeping through the gates.

Then my sadness
Will be gladness,
As my soul up there ascends.
No more sighing,
Neither dying,
And happiness never ends.

The Tramp's Story.

You may laugh at me, said the tramp, as he
passed

By a crowd who were making jeers,
But if you knew the cause of my plight
You'd soon change them into tears.
Then tell us about it, said one in the crowd,
As the laughing began to subside,
For we would like to hear it, I am sure,
To the question the tramp replied.

Several years ago a woman I met,
Whom I fell in love with at first sight.
I wooed and won her hand in marriage,
Which filled my heart with much delight.
Heaven blessed us also with a sweet little
child,
Which made our lives sublime,
But I did not entertain the idea
That my wife's love would last a short time.

Until I came home from work one day,
And on the porch I failed to see
My wife, who always made it her custom
To be there with a smile to greet me.
So I arrived at the conclusion
That she was playing a joke
On me, so I called to her several times,
But never a word she spoke.

I went through the house without thinking
That her love towards me had changed,
But when I reached the bed chamber,
And found everything disarranged;
Then looking towards my child I saw
A note that was placed on its bed,
With trembling hands I opened it,
And this is the way that it read.

Dear Jack, do not think evil of me
For causing you all of this pain,
But I think it is best that we should part,
Never to meet again.
You've done everything my heart desired,
But your love I cannot return,
For there's one I've known from childhood,
And my heart for him does yearn.

There's one favor I'd like to ask
Of you, and please don't ignore.
Bring up our child in the right way,
So her life may be sweet and pure.
And every night before I retire
I will ask God to keep her from harm
By protecting her life with
His strong and mighty arm.

I did the best I could for the child,
And the task I did not regret,
She grew to be a comfort to me,
And my sorrows helped me to forget.
One day while coming to meet me
As fast as her tiny feet
Could carry her, she came on,
And started across the street.

I hollered to her as loud as I could
 'That a team was drawing near,
But not until it was too late,
 For my warning she failed to hear.
The driver did all he possibly could
 To keep from having a collision.
But before he brought his team to a stop
She was mangled beyond recognition.

So then my sorrows began to increase;
 My wife and child being gone,
I had no one to speak a kind word
 To me as I traveled on.
I lost my position, which brought some more
 Troubles for me to bear,
And it seemed no matter wherever I went,
 Misfortune at me it would stare.

So now I have told you the cause of my plight,
 Then take my advice and beware
Of making fun of the weary traveler,
 And help them their sorrows to share.
For there's one who ruleth over all,
 And I hope to find eternal peace
In that great Beyond and meet my dear child,
 Where partings up there never cease.

My School Career.

I often think of my school days,
 When I used to be a lad,
Playing my innocent pranks,
 And the joyful times I had.

Just to write another note,
Long for that I've yearned,
And slip it to my school-girl chum,
While the teacher's back was turned.

Just to eat some of her lunch,
When we would have recess,
'That she always shared with me,
Which I thought was the best.

Just to call for her each day,
When to school I would go,
Also take her bag of books,
And bring them to and fro.

Just to gather wild flowers
For her to make a crown,
To see her smile as I would place
It on her hair of brown.

Just to steal another kiss
While she was off her guard,
And hear her say to me, O! stop;
Then look at me so hard.

Just to take another stroll,
And sit down by the brook,
Also read to her sweet verses
Out of my story book.

It would fill me with gladness
If those times would always stay
With me so I could enjoy them,
But they've passed away.

Hard Times.

After you've gotten yourself a wife
And a lot of mouths to feed,
It will make you scratch your head and say
Times are mighty hard, indeed.
Your grocery bill on Saturday night,
And after paying your rent,
You'll feel down in your pocket
And you haven't got one cent.

So in the winter they will say
Papa, please buy me some shoes;
They'll ask in such an innocent way,
So how can you refuse?
Then they must have warm clothing,
And must have fuel also,
But when they are old enough,
To school they must go.

It's no use talking about buying turkey,
Canvas-back duck, or quail,
But you must purchase black-eyed peas,
And get them at wholesale.
For dessert, that's out of the question,
And its useless to be grumbling,
Because you cannot even afford
To give them apple dumpling.

Sickness comes unexpectedly,
And there's the doctor's bill.
The pharmacist, he is waiting for
The prescription to fill.

You may try to economize,
To save for a rainy day,
But in some unknown manner,
It always gets away.

Easter time will then appear;
They must have something new,
And if they cannot get it,
Trouble is bound to brew.
They must also have their Easter eggs,
With a little Easter dye,
And if you don't give it to them
They'll set up a howl and cry.

Summer time will then appear,
Your chances will look brighter,
You won't have wood and coal to buy,
Then your heart will feel much lighter.
But winter time will come right back
To bother you some more,
So you've got to do the same old thing,
Just as you did before.

Laughter.

There's one thing in this world that we
Should always be after,
You can always get it free of charge,
And the name of it is laughter.

It soothes many an aching heart
When it is in distress,
Because it is always ready
To bring on happiness.

There is no need of going about
With a frown on your face,
As long as you can always find
A smile to take its place.

The cloudiest day that we have,
It will bring on sunshine,
Because it's better to be laughing
Than be always crying.

If you ever meet a person
Who says they're feeling blue,
Say something that'll make 'em laugh,
Is a good act to do.

A smile is a thing, I tell you,
I am always glad to see,
But when it comes to a frown,
Take it away from me.

I am always in a cheerful mood,
The reason is, you see,
Because I never hunt for trouble,
So it won't hunt for me.

My Childhood Days.

If my childhood days I could enjoy,
How happy I would be,
And listen to the songs I used
To hear on mother's knee.
I imagine I can see her now,
Rocking me to and fro,
And singing a sweet lullaby,
Until to sleep I'd go.

How well I remember the brook
In which I used to play,
Also the old tree where I used
To pass the time away,
And listen to the mocking birds
That sang with merry glee.
I was a happy country lad,
And I from care was free.

But now a change has taken place
That has put those times to flight,
I can't see the old school that filled
My heart with much delight,
Nor the old church where I used to go,
And sing those songs of yore,
Those days are gone, ne'er to return;
Yes, gone for ever more.

Deception.

Why are some people so deceptive,
To trifle with your happiness
Like a wolf in sheep's clothing they'll come,
Only to leave you in distress.
Little we think they'd do so,
But they come as a thief in the night
And steal away your charms,
Putting your happiness to flight.

They will tell you, so sincerely,
That they love no one but you,
Having you thinking they are serious,
And will remain staunch and true;

Holding them in high esteem,
Thinking your love is returned,
Only find out to your sorrow
That it all has been spurned.

A Leap Year Proposal.

Sitting in my hammock swinging,
Listening to the birds a-singing,
After my daily vocation,
For the music it was grand,
Around my heart it kept a-stealing,
Because it was so appealing,
Until I felt the old feeling
That put me into slumberland.

There I remained several hours,
Dreaming of the birds and flowers;
I imagine I can see them,
As up and up they'd ascend.
So the hammock kept on swinging,
Sweetly the birds kept on singing,
Until I heard a loud ringing,
Put my slumbers to an end.

From my slumber I awaken,
Says I, can I be mistaken?
For I am almost positive
I heard some one at my door;
Then without much hesitation,
I made an investigation,
And to my observation
A sweet maiden there I saw.

What brings you here, says I, amazing,
While at me stood she a-gazing;
Just walk in and be seated,
 Perhaps I can give you aid.
Tell me, maiden, I implore you,
Because I will not ignore you,
I am serious, I assure you,
 And these words she softly said.

Long have you paid me attention,
But something you've failed to mention,
So, as this being leap year,
 And I hope you'll not decline;
It has been my great ambition,
And only on this condition,
I come in humble submission
 To ask you, will you be mine?

My, she struck me very sudden,
That I had to do some studying,
Though several times I attempted
 To ask her the same thing,
But my courage would go astray,
So I am glad she paved the way,
Now, there'll be no delay
 To buy the engagement ring.

A Musical Controversy.

Who is that been slandering us,
 Said the musical instruments.
And we don't think it is right,
 Without the least offense.

So the Bass Drum gets up and said,
If ever that man I meet
That has been talking about me,
Will surely have me to beat.

So when the Violin got the floor,
Says she, I'd like to know
Who did such a mean trick,
If I did, I'd tell my bow.

The Cornet said, I don't make threats,
Or do any crowing,
Because you have all heard me say
I don't like too much blowing.

Said the Guitarr, let me tell you,
I'll get that man, you bet,
For telling those falsehoods on me,
And causing me to fret.

When the Cymbals got a voice it said,
And insignificant chap
That has been carrying on awful,
And giving me a slap.

Well, people, said the Banjo,
I would rather be dead
Than to have some one after me,
And knocking me in the head.

So the Mandolin said right out,
I think it is a mean trick
That he should always bother me,
And always want to pick.

Said the Harp, there is a man
Who carries me around the street,
Sets me down on the sidewalk
And stamps me with his feet.

Said the Piano, let him talk
About me all he please,
He can't harm me, because my secrets
Are locked up with my keys.

Look Ahead.

If you want to reach the goal,
Look ahead.
Just work with your heart and soul;
Look ahead.
If you should stumble and fall,
Don't remain there, not at all;
If you cannot walk, just crawl;
Look ahead.

Things will not always break right;
Look ahead.
But do not give up the fight;
Look ahead.
Because it is up to you,
Whatever course you pursue,
Don't stop is the thing to do.
Look ahead.

Obstacles you are bound to meet ;

Look ahead.

Don't take that for a defeat ;

Look ahead.

This world's no flowery bed of ease,

But if you obtain the keys,

You can unlock the door, but please

Look ahead.

It don't pay to procrastinate.

Look ahead.

Time for nobody doth wait.

Look ahead.

Precious moments thrown away

Waiting for some other day,

Those moments are gone for aye ;

Look ahead.

No need of feeling down and out. .

Look ahead.

Always smile and never pout ;

Look ahead.

God filled this world with sunshine

So we should never decline

To do an act that is kind.

Look ahead.

You may have a heavy load.

Look ahead.

If you are on the right road,

Look ahead.

Matters not what others say,

But His commands you obey,

And you'll reach the goal some day.

Look ahead.

Duty.

If you have anything to do
And find it difficult,
Don't give up, but keep on trying
And you'll achieve good result.

Spend not thought in idle moments,
But work with might and main,
For one moment that is wasted
Cannot be called back again.

Determination and confidence,
They are known both near and far,
Keep those words always with you,
Let them be your guiding star.

The animals of all kinds
Are useful in some sort of way,
Never putting off for to-morrow
That what can be done to-day.

Do not wait to do great things,
If something small can be done,
Always be on the lookout
Before the setting of the sun.

Then let us do our part,
Whether it be great or small,
The animals, God says, that man
Shall hold dominion over all.

The Engineer's Story.

A group of young men seated in a banquet hall one
night,

Enjoying themselves to their own heart's delight,
Making it pleasant for all and being of good cheer,
By drinking and telling jokes to welcome the New
Year.

So every one had told his joke, except an old and
gray

Haired man, who sat in a corner and hadn't much
to say ;

He didn't join heartily into their conversation,
But seemed to be in such deep meditation.

Come, take a drink and tell your joke, one in the
group did say,

But he shook his head negatively, and pushed the
glass away.

You've all told your jokes, said he, now if you'd
like to hear,

I'll tell you a true one, when I was an engineer.

Well, it was many a year ago, before any of you
were born,

I started for my work on a beautiful summer morn,
And as I kissed my wife good-bye and little child
also,

I left the house in merry glee, for the station
to go.

After I had gone a few yards I heard some one call
to me,

In looking round it was a chum, whom I was glad
to see,

So we walked and talked about the topics of the day.

Another friend joined us, who was going our way.
So, going to our work, a saloon we had to pass,
Where we could hear the music and the tinkling of the glass,

So this young man invited my friend and I to go
Into that place, but my friend had the courage to say no.

I didn't possess that courage, but instead went inside,

Because I was so afraid that I this man would chide.
So I took one drink and started for the door,
It tasted so good that I thought I would try one more.

Several rounds of drink were passed, which I did not refuse;

When I came out of that place I had no time to lose
To report for duty, as my train was waiting for me,

With an excursion party, whose hearts were filled with glee.

So on and on I walked, almost ready to fall,
And it seemed as though I would not reach the station at all.

Well, at last I reached the station, and passing through the gate,

I looked up at the clock and saw I was several minutes late.

Without even changing my clothes, in the cab I did climb,

And had to put on extra steam to make up for lost time.

The way the train shot out that yard in my mind
will always stay,
And why it did not jump the track, I am unable to
say,
Unless it was the hand of God, for I had lost
control,
And it looked as though I could not stop it to
save my soul,
So I began to realize we were nearing a curve;
I looked to God and said, O! will Thou let me keep
my nerve;
Then looking down the track I saw the figure of
a child
Standing there bewildered, which nearly drove me
wild.
O, God, says I, stop this train, if it is thy will;
My prayer was answered, for the train was brought
to a standstill.
Out of the cab I jumped without procrastination,
And clasped the child into my arms for identification.
Just imagine my surprise when I looked into her
face
And recognized it as the one of my own daughter
Grace,
Whom just a few hours previously bade me a
sweet adieu,
And waved her little hand at me until I was lost
from view.
What are you doing so far from home? said I, in
dismay;
I was gathering wild flowers, said she, and lost my
way,
For a sick friend who is a chum of mine,

So I thought these flowers would bring to her
sunshine.

While her mother has to work, she is left all alone.
Now, such an answer as that would melt a heart of
stone.

I didn't have to sign the pledge, for right then and
there

I promised myself from that cursed stuff I'd be-
ware.

And from that day until this time not a drop
through my lips 've passed;

It was my first and I hope to God that it will be
my last.

Give Praise In Life.

I've often wondered why it is some people always
wait

Until a person has passed away before they emulate
Their goods deeds which they've done that is
worthy of comment,

Without letting them know their lives on earth are
being well spent.

I would rather have one single rose while here on
earth I stay,

Than to have a flower garden after I've passed away.
I can't see the designs that are placed around my
bier,

Or the eulogizing remarks, nor the music I can't
hear.

Then why not praise them instead while on earth
they remain,
So they may know that their good deeds are not
in vain.
Just speak a word of encouragement to cheer them
day by day;
It's better than after their body has gone to decay.
So, therefore, it behooves us all to do our part
To fill the world with gladness and to heal some
saddened heart,
And when we have accomplished this and victory
has been won,
He'll call us to that land of rest and say, servant
well done.

My Boyhood Life.

You may talk about your mansions and your cot-
tage by the sea,
And also your castle on the Nile,
But there is one dear spot that hasn't lost its
charms for me,
Although it wasn't in the latest style.
It is the old log-cabin, the place of my birth,
Where the wild flowers used to entwine.
To me I think it is the dearest spot on earth,
For it was always filled with sunshine.
There was no latrobes in that place, gas, nor elec-
tric light,
As the big mansions contain in these days;

But an oak log in the fireplace would make the
room look bright;

Indeed it surely was a sight to gaze
At the sparks as they came forth to illuminate the
place.

Oh, how those times I used to enjoy,
And see the dear, sweet smile that adorned my
my mother's face

Was worth the purest gold without alloy.

And when the camp meetings I used to attend,
And hear the people sing those songs of praise,
O, how their voices used to rise and blend;

It was sweeter than the music in these days.
They didn't have a choir leader to give those hymns
a start,

Nor an organist those songs to begin,
But some brother or sister would lead off the first
part,

And the chorus we would all join in.

The cornstalk fiddle I used to make was music to
my ear,

Also the songs of the whip-poor-will;
It was enjoyable for me to sit and hear,

As they would bring forth their merry shrill.
If I could only enjoy those good old times once
more,

I tell you, O, how happy I would be,
As I used to sit and play around the cabin door;
For that place was one dear spot to me.

How well do I remember my first pair of pants I
had,

O, goodness, gracious, didn't I do some strutting?
There was nothing on the place that made me feel
so glad

As them pantaloons and a cap with a brass
button.

For, whenever I'd put them on, I was one sporty
chap,

And all the tailors with their different brands
Of clothing could not have pleased me like them
pants and cap,

Because they were made by my mother's hands.

Many happy moments I spent in climbing trees,
Also runnig down the paths and lanes,
Chasing the butterflies, the birds, also the bees.

Those times fresh in my memory still remains,
And when the night fall would appear, how tired I
would be,

For it was time for me to go to bed.

I often wondered what they meant, as they would
say to me,

Ah, son, you're eating your white bread.

I didn't know the words had the meaning as they
did,

As I had nothing to worry about,
Because I was a happy-go-lucky kid.

But as the years rolled on I soon found out
What they were telling me I found to be true,

For in those times I just had my own way,
Because I only had three things to do,
And that was to eat, sleep and play.

It would be a pleasure to see the place once more,
And meet all my boyhood chums again,
Where we used to congregate in that old country
store,
And sing those good old songs with sweet refrain.
We would also tell stories in our childish way,
Enjoying ourselves to our heart's content.
There is nothing that I know would please me
to-day
As that place where my boyhood days were spent.

Praise the Root.

How often do we admire the beautiful flower,
Also the tree that brings forth the fruit,
But do we ever stop and think of spending one hour,
Of giving one praise to the root?
It plays its part in nature as other useful things,
Although it lives in a place obscure,
But it is instrumental of the joy the flowers bring,
Which makes the atmosphere so sweet and pure.

It is beautiful to see the leaves on the trees so green,
Because it is so pleasant to the eye;
But the winter's chilly breeze appears upon the
scene,
Which causes them to fade away and die.
But when the lovely spring appears, the buds begin
to sprout,
Which brings much joy to the saddened heart,
And then you'll see the leaves begin to blossom out,
Because the root is there to play its part.

For every blade of grass, you'll see upon the lawn,
Also the wild flowers in the highways,
It contains a root that keeps it growing on,
So I think the root also deserves much praise.
'The vegetables that bring relief to the hungry soul
Are raised by the farmer who tills the soil,
So the root deserves much praise as a whole,
If it were not for that part their crops would spoil.

Then let us praise the root for playing its part,
No matter if it is hidden under ground,
Because it gives the flowers and vegetables a start
To grow, although we cannot hear the sound.
So it behooves us all just to spend a thought
About the root for the part that it plays;
By doing so our efforts will not be for nought;
Then to the root let us give much praise.

The Little Entertainer.

Good evening, Mr. Thompson, sister says she'll be
down soon,
And told me to come down and play you a sweet
tune,
So you won't be lonely until she comes in;
But let me tell you what she said before I begin.
She saw you coming up the steps, and said, "There
comes that jay;
He's a regular nuisance and always in the way.
I have a good mind to give him the cold shoulder,"
And don't you know, she got mad, just because I
told her
That I had ate it all and there was no more.

So she began to pull my ear and boxed me on my jaw;

I didn't know she wanted it for you, if I had I would Have saved some of it for her; but my! it was so good!

So I just kept on eating until it all, you see, Had been devoured, because I was as hungry as I could be.

You know that box of candy you sent her yesterday? She didn't eat it, no, indeed, but threw it all away.

"The idea of him sending such stuff as this!"

Then she began to roll her eyes and double up her fist:

"If I had him here, I'd give him a piece of my mind, And let him see that this candy is not of the kind, For, if I can't get the best, I don't want none at all, And when I got through with him, no more he'd want to call."

Then mother said, "O, dear, you shouldn't talk that way,

Perhaps he's done the best he could," so sister up and says:

"Well, if that's his best, he needn't send no more, I do believe he got this from the five-and-ten-cent store."

Well, she had another caller, who stays a lot of hours,

He also brought her a great big bunch of flowers.

He wore a piece of round glass over his left eye;

And when he shook her hand he held it up so high.

They goes into the parlor, and he takes a seat

Right beside her, and says she, "I think it's awful sweet

Of you to bring me such a nice bouquet as this."

He thanked her for the compliment, and asked her
for a kiss.

She didn't answer him right then, but sat there
meditating,

So I heard him say to her, "O, dear, don't keep me
waiting."

I was looking through the keyhole, and he had his
arms just so

Around my sister's waist, and wouldn't let go,
Until she answered him, because I saw it all.

I was so tickled that I thought I would almost fall.
So at last she said, so solemn, "Well, your request
is granted;"

Before you could say scat, a kiss right on her lips
was planted.

"Whew!" said he, "that was sweet," and then his
lips went smack.

I tried hard not to laugh, but couldn't keep it back.
When he found out he was caught, how sheepish he
did look,

But sister, she got furious, and at me her fist she
shook.

"I'll box your jaws for that," said she, "you little
eavesdropper!"

"You better not," says I, "for I'll go tell my papa
What I saw, and if I do it will be to your sorrow,
Because you know for kissing he always has a hor-
ror."

Said he, "Don't tell this time, my dear, sweet little
girl,

I wouldn't want him to know it for nothing in the
world."

Says I, "Them pet names don't go with me, nay,
nay;

You must pay me hush money, so let it come this way."

He handed me a dollar, and said, "Now, mum's the word,"

Before I could thank him, some footsteps we heard;
It was papa, so she gets up and takes another chair,
Because I guess she did not want him to catch her there;

For, after papa had gone out, she took her seat again,

So I left them to themselves so they could entertain.
Well, I hear her coming, so I guess I'll have to go,
But let me say to you, if she don't want you for her beau,

You need not worry, no, indeed; for all you have to do—

Just write me a sweet letter, and I will accept you.

Parson Brown's Philosophy.

I don't know why some people believe in so much superstition,

Said Parson Brown; I wouldn't believe it under no condition

That if a cat crosses your path, you'd better turn around,

Cross your fingers, also make a straight mark on the ground;

They'll say if one comes to your house and findeth fault,

You'll have bad luck after they're gone, if you don't sprinkle salt.

And if a woman crosses the sill of your door
First thing Monday morning, you'll have bad luck
for sure,
And if you own a rabbit's foot, you have no need
to fear,
Providing it comes off the left leg on the rear.
They say it's bad luck to dine where there are
thirteen persons;
It's nothing in the world but nonsensical as-
sertions.
How can anyone hoodoo you unless you eat or
drink
What they've put down for you, and don't you
never think
That they can harm you by placing things under
your doorstep,
So take that as a tip from me, and things don't
accept.
I also want to say to you, take this as a precaution,
Don't pay your money to no one for to tell your
fortune,
Because, if they were that smart, they certainly
would tell
Where they wouldn't have to do that I know very
well.
I'll never believe a cat has nine lives under the sun,
For all of them that I've killed, they didn't have but
one;
They also say that if the palm of your left hand
itch,
Just rub it with new money, and some day you'll
be rich.
How many of you that has ever seen the dead come
back?

I've been here a great many years, and I tell you for
a fact
That I've relatives up there, whom I would like
to see,
But none of them has sent a line to me;
I don't believe it is bad luck to walk under a ladder,
Or six week's bad weather if the ground hog sees
his shadow.
So let me tell you once for all, before I take my
seat,
The only ground hog I believe in is sausage meat.

The Change of Style.

O, how the styles do change as the world keeps
moving on,
For every day some different style you'll see;
You can't come out upon the street without observ-
ing it,
And how they keep it up, it puzzles me.
They're altogether different from the former styles
Which people used to wear in years back;
To see those kind of styles now would be almost
the same
As finding a needle in a haystack.
You never heard of men wearing cuffs around their
pants,
Or dickeys in their bosoms for a shirt;
The polonaise and bustles the ladies used to wear
Are now replaced by the hobble skirt;

Also other different kinds too numerous to mention.
If they didn't get them they'd just go wild:
I see they have a paddle, and whenever they walk
Reminds me of someone spanking a child.

The bonnets with cardboard slats they wore in those
days

Have been discarded for big hats instead;
They have to use puffs and rats in order to make
Those different kinds of hats stay on the head.
I am not ridiculing, because I really think
The way they fix their hair looks very nice;
But I am thinking they'll get tired of that
And cast aside the rats and use mice.

The street car companies didn't have to have special
cars,

With low steps so the ladies wouldn't slip
When they attempted to get on or off,
Or fear that their hobble skirts would rip;
But they could get on any car without any trouble
Of ever falling and bruising their face;
I saw one get on a car, and it reminded me
Of someone who was entering a bag race.

How well I remember when I was a lad,
And used to wear shoes with the copper toes,
Also homespun socks that used to go with them;
But now they are wearing all kinds of hose,
With russet and the canvas shoes with the rubber
heels;

Of course, they've got to be in style you know,
In order to keep from being a back number,
They just got to keep up with the show.

Well, I guess after they have laid their burden
down,

And go over on the other side,
To receive their long white robes and crown,
Some of them will be dissatisfied,
Until St. Peter comes to the rescue
To keep their feelings from being hurt,
We'll have to go and get some alterations made
And change their robes into a hobble skirt.



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